

# VICTORIA'S VISIT TO IRELAND AFTER FORTY YEARS.

ELABORATE PLANS ARE BEING MADE FOR THE QUEEN'S COMFORT, SAFETY AND ENTERTAINMENT.



THE QUEEN TRAVELING IN HER PRIVATE CAR

Ireland is talking of nothing else but the visit of Queen Victoria. In England it is exciting the liveliest interest.

Elaborate arrangements are made to insure the comfort and safety of the Queen during the visit. The Queen is exceedingly active for her age and is fond of traveling. She has devised a system which reduces the discomforts of travel to a minimum. Her voyages for years have consisted of brief trips across the Solent or the English Channel. Now she undertakes a long sea journey. Her railway trip to Holyhead will be made in her own special train, and she will take a large suite to Ireland with her.

Six months ago Englishmen would have laughed at any one who predicted that their sovereign would ever again cross the Irish Channel. In Ireland even the most loyal subjects had long given up hope of ever seeing her there. One can imagine, therefore, how great was the surprise, not only in official circles, but also throughout the United Kingdom, when the news spread that the Queen would soon go to Dublin, and would remain there for some weeks, as the guest of the Lord Lieutenant at the Viceroy's Lodge.

Thrice before during her long reign has Victoria visited Ireland—in 1849, 1853 and 1861. Memorable visits they were, and more pleasant, in one respect at least, than this one can possibly be, since she was accompanied on each occasion by her husband, the late Prince Consort. A joyous welcome the Irish people gave her, and in the numerous places in which she visited there are many who even to-day gladly recall the glimpse which they obtained of her. Songs, humorous and grave, were composed and sung in her honor in 1849 and 1853, and while almost all have passed into oblivion, one at least may still at times be heard, that one which tells of the Queen, she came to Dublin, her health for to revive. And the bold Duke of Leinster he took her for a drive.

Dublin, Cork, Limerick, and even the most rural districts have been much improved since then, and in this sense the Queen is practically going to a new country. In Dublin, "the great Dublin," as a wit fond of alteration long ago styled it, there are to-day gas and electric lights, where half a century ago there were flickering lamps; there are speedy trams in place of lumbering coaches; in the stores and private houses there are modern appliances in place of the old-fashioned methods. In a word, the Queen will find in the capital of Ireland quite as many comforts and conveniences as are to be found in any other great city of Europe.

Yet in no respect has Dublin lost its individuality. The splendid public buildings, the beautiful squares, the magnificent park and the lovely bay, which have so long formed its most attractive features, still impress even the casual visitor and compel him to admit that his guide book is right when it says that Dublin is one of the most fascinating capitals in Europe. As the Queen drives down Sackville street, one of the finest thoroughfares in the world, being 120 feet wide and 200 yards long, she will surely be gladdened at the sight of the numerous improvements, and ere she reaches the Viceroy's Lodge she can readily see that as in London so here, too, the march of progress has wrought a beneficial change.

The public buildings and other objects of interest which have so long been conspicuous she will find either unaltered or beautified. Stephen's Green, with its area of twenty acres; Phoenix Park, with its magnificent expanse of nearly 2,000 acres; Trinity College, around which cluster so many stories and legends, and which has been the Alma Mater of so many famous men; the Custom-house, Dublin Castle, Nelson's Pillar, St. George's Church, with its steeple nearly 200 feet high, and the Bank of Ireland, which was formerly the Parliament House and the scene of many

historic debates—these still remain, an unmistakable testimony of Dublin's title to be ranked among the great cities of the world.

Those to whom the past seems always preferable to the present may claim that the Dublin of to-day lacks much of that charm which Charles Lever so well described and which "in the old days" helped so much to stamp this city with a distinct individuality. Now this may be true, but even if so the gain is far greater than the loss. The Queen will not find in Dublin any of the semibarbaric splendor and equatorial character which it was once a girl, but in her stead she will find cleanliness, order and many other evidences of latter-day progress. Some pessimistic courtier may tell her that the glamour has vanished from the streets once trod by Gratian, Curran, O'Connell and the other Irish immortals; that she need not expect to hear any notice of such names; that, in fine, she is going to a city which may be highly prosperous, but which is no longer picturesque. Fortunately, the Queen will be able to judge for herself, and it is entirely safe to predict that she will find the city picturesque as well as prosperous.

Her journey to Ireland will be speedy and uneventful. She will travel from London to Holyhead in her special silver carriage, which is 40 feet in length and is beautifully upholstered in dark blue silk.

The royal train will run at an average speed of from forty to forty-five miles an hour, and the line will be cleared of all traffic half an hour before it is due. Every precaution possible will be taken to insure a comfortable, safe and undisturbed journey.

At the level crossings nothing will be permitted to cross after the pilot engine has run through, and there will be men on duty at all these points thirty minutes before this time. At Holyhead her Majesty is expected to embark on one of the regular steamers, and within a few hours she will be in Kingstown, whence she will go by rail to the Viceroy's Lodge. It is thought likely by some that she may ultimately decide to cross the channel in her yacht, and, if so, she would doubtless go direct to Dublin instead of to Kingstown.

The Queen is wont to take with her on her trips to the Continent a favorite donkey and carriage and some household articles, including a bed. Whether she will do so on this occasion has not been stated. As it has been announced, however, that she will establish her headquarters in Dublin, and will not make an extended tour of the Province, though it is possible she may visit Belfast, Wicklow, Kildare and Cork, the probability is that she will leave her patient four-footed attendant at home, since, while there are many pleasant drives around Dublin, there is not that seclusion which her Majesty so much enjoys when she takes her daily constitutional on the Riviera.

Though so many years absent from the sister isle, Victoria can recall as vividly as though they took place yesterday the enthusiastic scenes which attended her former visits. The heroism of her Irish soldiers in the Transvaal has also appealed strongly to her, and this visit must be regarded as in a measure a compliment to them.



HER MAJESTY BEING TRANSFERRED FROM STEAMER TO TRAIN.

## WHEN MISS REHAN AND MRS. FISKE WERE YOUNGSTERS. A GROUP OF NEW STAGE STORIES.



The First Actress Who Ever Wore a \$50 Dress on the Stage.

WRITTEN FOR THE SUNDAY REPUBLIC.  
Miss Ada Rehan's coming to this city after an absence of four years renews interest in certain incidents of her stage life, early and late, especially since she has not been in the public eye since the death of Augustin Daly at Paris a year or more ago. Ada Rehan was born at Limerick, Ireland. Her maiden name was Crehan, and her family moved to Albany when she was a child. The Crehans were poor, and as Ada grew up she helped out the exchequer by becoming a member of the old stock company at the Leiland Opera-house in Albany. She supported many of the traveling stars, and by hard work and the best preliminary training prepared herself for her most successful stage career. Lotta, Maggie Mitchell, Fanny Davidson, Kate Claxton and Modjeska were among the stars with whom she played. One day Augustin Daly, who was always on the lookout for rising young talent, saw her play and engaged her. That was about twenty years ago. Miss Rehan was an exceedingly pretty young woman, but her chief charm was that peculiar trick of intonation which many have tried to imitate.

wore a \$50 dress on the stage. Prior to that time paper muslin dresses were common, so that it is to Mr. Daly's leading woman the public owes an innovation which is not the least charm of a play—that of handsome gowns. Miss Rehan devoted herself to the stage with singular continuity. She is one of the few actresses who never married, nor has she had a pronounced romance for the professionals or the laymen to gossip about. Her social life has been confined to her own household and nobody ever heard of her attending a ball or a s o'clock tea.

Minnie Madden Fiske, or Mrs. Fiske, as she is now called, her husband being Harrison Gray Fiske, editor of the Dramatic Mirror, was thirty years ago known by the name of Minnie Madden. Her father was Thomas Davis of Detroit, an actor and able manager. Her mother was Emma Madden, a popular, capable, leading woman. Her aunts, Lizzie and Mary Madden, were also good actresses of the old type. Little Minnie was raised in the hard school of experience. Edwin Booth, John McCubbin and Lawrence Barrett patrolled her golden tresses and prophesied great things for her. She played the infant Prince in "Richard," the begotten of Spartacus in "The

Gladiator," the child in "Pizarro" and little Meville in "The Van Winkle." She shared honors with Barney McClellan in "The Messenger from Jarvis' Station" before she was out of her teens, and at it she started her career as a star, under the management of John Havlin, in Charles Callahan's "Pompey's Ferry." Some of the actors who have passed out of the ken of the theater-goer and of the great things for her and she is now about realizing them. When Minnie Madden married Mr. Fiske she retired from the stage for awhile, but the player's blood in her would not let her rest.

Maurice Barrymore, Mrs. Fiske's leading man, is as close a wit as he is a clever actor. He was indulging in a battle of words, according to the Chicago News, with a man-about-town, who represents a certain brand of whiskey. The two stood over a bar to have their argument out over a cheering glass.

"Let's have something," remarked the drummer.  
"Yes," said Barrymore. "What shall it be?"  
The seller of the burning brandy instantly named the brand of whiskey he represented, turned to the bartender and looked inquiringly at him.  
"Of course," loudly answered Barrymore, "but I mean something to drink!"  
The question as to Mrs. Langtry's age, which has so frequently arisen within the last ten years, is definitely settled by Captain W. A. Cooper of St. Louis, who was born at college in the little town of St. Helier, on the Isle of Jersey, where the Lily was born. Captain Cooper owns 47 years. In the early sixties he was a boy at school and still in knickerbockers, when Lily Le Breton, the daughter of the Dean of the Episcopal Church of the Isle of Jersey, was married to Mr. Langtry. Mr. Langtry was at that time a large landed proprietor, with principal holdings in Ireland. He came on his yacht to the Isle of Jersey, a sort of show place, nearer the French Coast by 60 miles than the English. He saw the beautiful daughter of the Dean, fell in love with and married her. This marriage was considered a very good thing for the poor, clergyman's daughter. Mr. Langtry, however, becoming somewhat impoverished by the "rent wars" in Ireland, and the expense of launching his wife into the smart set of London, was unable to keep the pace she struck.

top in the past. You, Mrs. Langtry, was a handsome professional beauty rival when she struck London, fresh from Jersey. She made the Countess of Underly, who was considered the most beautiful woman in England, and Mrs. Curzon's West, another professional beauty, look of their laurels."

When Joe Herbert, who comes here with Alice Nielsen this season, was 13 years old

He Put the All-Overseeing Question to Himself in Audible Tones.  
Joe told his hard-luck story. "Here's a twenty for pin money," said Dick, "and to-morrow I'll give you a ticket to Chicago."  
Joe returned to his hotel and told his roommate of his good luck. The roommate suggested that they try their luck at a faro bank. No sooner said than the proposed was set into action, and in less than thirty minutes the twenty had increased by \$150.

So elated was Joe that he immediately got into trouble with it," gasped Dick in alarm.  
"Well, I didn't," said Joe, and pulled out his roll, handing over a twenty to Dick.  
"Great Scott! that was stage money," explained Dick. "I carry a wad of them just for a bluff."  
Joe snatched the twenty from Dick's hand. "You'll get none of my good money," he said, "and I'll return to Chicago in the morning. That's the first time I ever passed stage money or played a faro bank, and it will be the last!"  
The New York Sun tells a good story on Deputy Coroner Philip O'Hanlon of Bellevue Hospital. A few weeks ago he had been talking to some one on Blackwell's Island, and as he hung up the transmitter he said he guessed he'd go to some show in the evening. The doctors, clerks and ambulance drivers in the room began to suggest "good things," and the Deputy Coroner finally decided to see Gillette's "Sherlock Holmes."  
"I saw his 'Secret Service,'" explained the doctor, "with that great scene in the

telegraph room, which I will never forget."

As he was describing the scene, O'Hanlon caught sight of a little telegraph instrument on the table. It had just been put in, and he had never seen it before.

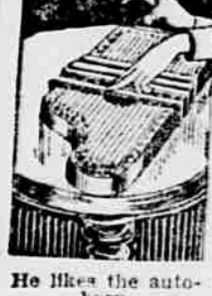
"Hello!" he said, "there is a real telegraph instrument. I can give you the whole show!"  
And he went on describing the characters that were in the room at the time. Then, sitting down in the chair before the instrument, he began to send the message in imitation of the spy.  
"He's smoking a cigar," quoted O'Hanlon. "He keeps on telegraphing. There is a shot outside. His left hand drops. His finger is still on the key. He hears a sound outside. It is from the villain who is watching him with the horizon. The following puts out the lights. There is a search in the darkness. One character hunts the other. Then the lights are turned on and the grand finale comes!"  
The just at that time there was a clanging of bells outside and the next instant a half dozen drivers walked into the telephone office.

"Hurry call—where is it?" gasped the first driver.  
"Where's those eight calls?" shouted the next.  
"Where's that fire?" yelled a third. "It must be a whopper!"  
From outside the man on the dead wagon exclaimed: "Where is it?"  
Those in the telephone office gasped in astonishment. Doctor O'Hanlon looked surprised.

## "KIDS' UNDERWEAR" AT "CASTLE SQUARE."

WRITTEN FOR THE SUNDAY REPUBLIC.

Where do you think I went, Estelle, the other night with Will? Oh, go on, guess; I know you can. No, I'll not tell you till you've tried, at least, to make one guess. Oh, go on, Stel, guess faster. Gee whizz! you struck it right, first time. Just think, "The Castle Square."



He likes the auto-harp.

Now, Will's been laid up with a cold a week or so, or more. He ain't been feeling very good. His throat's so awful sore he soaked a rag in karosene, around his neck to wear. It made me feel embarrassed, Stel. Just think, at "Castle Square."

Yet, Will's all right enough, at that. But how'd you feel, Estelle, to be in my place? Karosene! Ugh! how I hate the smell. Most everybody rubbered, too. Some sniffed, I do declare. It's funny how some people act, dressed up, at "Castle Square."

But when the orchestra struck up an' they began to raise the curtain, Stel, I aches, first time in my born days, experienced the pleasure that musicians feel, I swear, when that there simply gorgeous chord was struck at "Castle Square."

Now, you know me, an' I can hum. An' I can play a bit. But o'ra ain't like poplar songs—although they make the bit. "Just tell 'em that you saw me" don't begin, Stel, to compare with the o'ra "Carmen" I heard sung that night at "Castle Square."

That's so, I did forget to say the name of what we heard. But it was simply gorgeous, though I didn't catch a word. You'd oughter saw the soldiers, Stel. An' one sat on a chair, weavin' a chain for one he loved, that night at "Castle Square."

Carmen's the girl who tried to win the love of young Ho-zay, the soldier I was speakin' of. But winnin' love don't pay. I'll tell you, Stel, just how it is: If man loves woman fair, he doesn't have to kill her, like they do at "Castle Square."

Ho-zay'd a darn sight better, Stel, have passed gay Carmen up, than lifted to his manly lips Deception's bitter cup.

"Cause, Carmen went on scandalous. "If I love thee, beware!" Say, honest, Stel, that's what she sung, that night at "Castle Square."

It didn't make no difference, Stel, how many laid their hearts down at the feet of Carmen fair. She's one o' them upstarts, that thinks it smart to trample on instead of, Stel, to share the loyal lover's honest heart, that beats at "Castle Square."

"Cause, if it hadn't been for Will—you know I like him, some—I'd got right up from where I sat an' said, "Ho-zay, dear, come; an' I'll heal your wounded heart; its roots I will repair. I'll cook, an' sew your buttons on—instead of "Castle Square."

O' course, though, Stel, that couldn't be. Kiddle me 'twould seem. But that there duet—second act—say, Stel, it was a dream! I ain't got words half good enough to tell what I heard there. But, reelytroly, he was great, Ho-zay at "Castle Square."

"So far it's grand," says I to Will—the curtain was rung down—"I wonder what the third act's like?" Will only looked around, an' then he turns to me an' says, "Say, Mag, I do declare, I never smelled such perfume as I smell at "Castle Square."

"There's musk an' rose, an' Persian pink, violet; locust, too. I'd sooner smell this Kar-sene rag," I say. Mag, wouldn't you?" Embarrassed, Stel, I thought I'd faint. 'Twas more than I could bear. I'm sure they overheard Will's talk, them folks at "Castle Square."

I surely don't know what I'd done if it hadn't come third act. 'Cause, some day I might marry him; but Will ain't got no tact. Oh, Lord, Stel, I was thankful when they showed the smugglers' lair. I felt like droppin' through the floor, just then at "Castle Square."

When Carmen read her fortune, Stel, an' turned the fateful card, an' seen death starin' in the face, while Ho-zay he stood guard, it set me thinkin' awful fast how some hearts take the snare. He, poor Ho-zay, was innocent; Ho-zay of "Castle Square."

An' so was Will; my escort, Will, although he's saw hard knocks. He's a mining expert, Stel, is Will, an' he criticised the rocks. He said the man that pointed them was sure up in the air. "No strata never dipped like that," says Will, at "Castle Square."

An' when the third act it was through, the fourth act came all right. Good heavens! Stel, you'd oughta saw that dress of satin white that Carmen wore in that fourth act. Darn this "kids' underwear"! Why can't I be an o'ra stas an' sing at "Castle Square?"

Why must I be a shopgirl, Stel, when musc's in my soul? Why must I sell kids' underwear instead of m, fa, sol? Good gracious! Stel, I'll tell you what, I never took no dare. If 'twasn't for my Will, all right, I'd sing at "Castle Square."

I might go in the chorus, Stel, but you can stake your life, I'd beat that Carmen I seen there, or else—I'd be Will's wife. But wouldn't it be funny, Stel, instead of "Castle Square," if Will should say to me some time, "Darn this kids' underwear!"

DICK WOOD.

"No strata never dipped like that."

"He likes the auto-harp."

"Most everybody rubbered, too."

"You can see the quiver on his lips."

"Yes," replied Sir Robert, "and the arrows coming off of it."

THE COMPLETE ARCHER.

SIR ROBERT PELL was once going through a picture collection with a friend where there was a portrait of a prominent Englishman who was famous for saying sharp things.

"How wonderfully like!" said the friend. "You can see the quiver on his lips."

"Yes," replied Sir Robert, "and the arrows coming off of it."

WILD OATS.

From Collier's Weekly.

WITH wild oats the thing to note is that the harrowing part of it comes in at the harvest instead of at the time of sowing.